

Always the Thorns!

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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"The last rose," announced Edna Brock and there was a shadow of regret in her tone.

"Oh, what a beauty!" enthused Blanche Reed and added the final trophy of the denuded bush to the great bouquet Edna had patiently picked for her. "Why, you have hurt yourself!"

Edna had, indeed. She winced and paled slightly. The hand that had disengaged the last rose had been torn across the fingers with a long deep scratch. The blood flowed freely, but she wrapped the disfigured member in her handkerchief and said lightly: "Oh, that is nothing—I am used to the thorns, dear."

There was a deeper meaning to the words than shallow heedless Blanche Reed knew—no bitterness, but a certain spirit of resignation that for the moment sent a grave expression to the comely face of the speaker.

"You see, the Aid society is very active since that handsome young Doctor Trevor came to Leeville. They say he is a rising man in his profession in the city," rattled on Blanche, "and we all have our caps set for him. He's rich, too. Thanks for the flowers, dear. Doctor Trevor gave me the name of one of his poor patients, so I am anxious to get her the flowers."

Edna sat nursing her injured hand after the departure of her chattering

her set task and had left its commission to a heedless Juniper.

"I will deliver the flowers," promised Edna and went her way with that design in view.

Within the hour Edna Brock forgot Blanche, the doctor and the thorns of life. All of its sweetness had come to her in full measure. She had delivered the flowers at a miserable hotel to find a little child of poverty struggling against insanitary conditions and a burning fever. It was to her a privilege to serve, a joy to lift humanity from the dreary to the higher levels of hope and faith and comfort.

It seems as though the sweet influence of Edna had changed a prison into a palace. Twice that day she visited the little invalid. The one following she gathered up from her own little store and the donations of kindly neighbors various articles of utility and comfort in which the humble home was lacking. The third day as she entered the tenement room she came face to face with Doctor Trevor, just leaving.

He greeted her with a brightening eye. In his quiet but earnest way he commanded her for the marvelous transformation she had made in the environment of the poor home and in the invalid. His heart warmed towards her and Edna felt a responding thrill.

Once again she met the doctor. It was the day when the little child, singing happily, was able to sit up in bed, past all danger.

All the time Edna had been compelled to keep the thorn-injured hand bandaged. It had pained her at times and looked red and swollen. Now that the strain of her nursing was over she noticed it more closely and realized that it was a poison or infection injury. She applied a soothing lotion.

Blanche had invited her to an evening lawn party. Her hand pained her so greatly, however, that she phoned her friend that she would not be able to go.

What was Edna's surprise about six o'clock when Doctor Trevor drove up in his automobile.

"What is this I hear," he observed in his clever, pleasing way, "about an injured hand and no complaint to me, who must be your physician since you have been my friendly nurse? Dear, dear! you have neglected this, Miss Brock," he added, as Edna shyly showed him her hand.

Doctor Trevor dressed the wounded member and told Edna he had been advised just in time. "You also need rest and diversion after your engrossing care of my little patient," he said.

And then he suggested that, as she was not going to the lawn party, and as he did not care for the function, a moonlight run around the lake would delight him, and so it came about.

Blanche Reed quizzed Edna industriously after learning of three of these auto trips that had taken place in one week. She upbraided her for monopolizing this particular star of the village social life. But Edna was noncommittal, and only innocent, happy and contented.

There came the day that called Doctor Trevor back to his duties in the city. Quite an ovation was given him that evening by Miss Reed and her coterie of special friends. Edna was not present at the function. She sat in the garden of the little home, feeling sure that the last good-by of Doctor Trevor would be for herself.

He came swinging along in the mellow moonlight, cheery and hopeful. He took her hand, after he had spoken a few words.

"Dear little hand!" he said, and kissed it reverentially—"bearing the thorns, that others may have the roses. Let it guide me in silent paths of duty that have made your life so sweet and true!"

GOT TOO DEEP FOR MOLLY

Seemed Easy at First to Answer Census Man's Question, But Difficulty Came Later.

The front door bell rang, but Mrs. Murphy was scrubbing her kitchen floor and had no intention of letting that disturb her.

"Molly! Molly!" she called, "answer that."

Molly carefully placed the "image" she was dusting on the shelf, then opened the door to face the census man.

"Mother in?" he asked.

"No," lied Molly, judging from his general appearance that he must have something to sell.

"Well, perhaps you'll do. How many children are there?"

Molly calculated mentally. "Thirteen," she said, finally.

"The oldest—name, age, and date of birth?"

This was difficult, but Molly had lied and must see the thing through.

"Mary, twenty-two years old January first," she guessed.

"Yes; now the next."

"Patsy, twenty, February 2," she guessed again. Then suddenly she saw her way clear. It was easy. "I'll give them all to you," she said. "Joseph, eighteen, March 3; Kathleen, sixteen, April 4; Susie, fourteen, May 5."

And so she joyfully pursued her course, dropping two years and adding one month and one day to the date at each name, until she reached "Tom, age two, November 11."

She bit her lips. There were two children left, without ages!

"And?" the census man questioned, with a smile, as he counted the eleven names.

"Oh," said Molly, "I forgot; two of us are dead."

When the census man called the next day, Mrs. Murphy herself answered the ring.

In Transylvania



ONE OF THE GATES OF THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF BRASSO

ALL NATIONS of the world have their eyes fixed on the colossal struggle which is shaking civilization to its very foundations, but by none is it watched with more breathless eagerness than by that province on the western side of the Carpathians which is cut off from its kindred and bound by fetters of iron into a sheaf of alien races, Magyar, Slav, Rumanian, Croatian, Teuton—with his fellow-subjects of Kaiser Franz Josef the Latin inhabitant of Transylvania has absolutely no sympathy. On the contrary, he detests them, one and all, though he reserves his deadliest hatred for his hard taskmaster, the Hungarian. But with the Rumanian on the farther side of the Transylvanian Alps he has all things in common, blood, language, descent, Roumanian, the Roman's land; Transylvania, that part of the Roman's land which lies beyond the forests. And that part which lies beyond the forests looks with unspeakable longing for the deliverance which the Hapsburg's overthrow will bring, for that victory which will reunite her to her kin, writes J. M. Dodington in Country Life.

It is an interesting land, that which lies beyond the forests, and there is, perhaps, no quieter town in Europe than its ancient capital, Kolozsvár. Encompassed in trees, its ancient houses straggle over several hills, its two rippling rivers are crossed by picturesque covered wooden bridges which rival those of Lucerne and Florence. Its narrow, unpaved streets are lighted by electricity, but sanitation, in each and all of its branches, is totally ignored, and in its main thoroughfares, beside the lines of the electric tramway, run open sewers. These discharge themselves into the two rivers. I may add that the visitor has a not altogether agreeable sensation when he observes the brown-skinned washerwomen pounding his linen on the banks of the said streams and subsequently rinsing it in their turbid waters!

In these narrow, unpaved streets there are many lofty and spacious mansions, tenanted by the haute aristocracy of the country. Like the palazzo of Florence and of Rome, the ground floors of these are entirely occupied by shops. On the first floor, the piano nobile, lives the owner (if sufficiently well off to afford such lodgment). The upper floors are let to tenants of many degrees, whose station varies in inverse proportion to their altitude. If the owner of the mansion is a poor man, he himself "goes up higher."

Standing solitary on a hill outside the town is a whitewashed fortress from which one has a superb view over hill and dale, over forest and river, away and away to the far blue line of the Carpathians. Kolozsvár also possesses a fine public park, under whose fragrant line trees a magnificent Tzigany band discourses wildest music.

Market Day in Kolozsvár.

But the greatest charm of the little town (it has a population of but a bare 20,000 souls) is its market day. Then, under the largest and most gorgeously colored umbrellas in Europe (I should imagine) do groups of the most picturesquely attired countrywomen assemble, surrounded by piles of the most delightful fruit and vegetables, downy peaches, crimson plums, luscious grapes—purple, yellow and white—rosy apples, blue-black figs, blood red pomegranates, gigantic melons and cucumbers, huge red peppers, produce of garden and orchard of every color and form, and all framed in garlands of roses of every imaginable hue. Present everywhere, roaming and rooting among the stalls, are flocks of long-necked geese and herds of the peculiarly hideous swine of the country whose happiest hunting grounds are the Transylvanian forests.

Most beautiful forests they are which clothe the foothills, magnificent oaks and beeches, with here and there a clump of silver birches or an avenue of stately pines. At rare intervals comes a clearing in which nestles a little cluster of mud huts backed by a miniature village church. The small fields which surround the tiny hamlets are carpeted with wild flowers. Campions and poppies of immense size and most brilliant coloring, orchids of many varieties, cornflowers—blue, purple and amethyst—wild roses of a vivid pink and with thornless stems, yellow snapdragons, delicate harebells and fragrant pinks—there is no end to the variety of blossom.

The air is exhilarating as champagne; though the heat in summer-time is very great during the noontide hours, at sundown a refreshingly cool breeze invariably springs up and a heavy dew begins to fall. It is a most delightful experience to roam then through the beautiful forest, listening to the tinkle of the bells as the herds of sheep, cattle, pigs, buffaloes wander down the magnificent aisles, to the flute of the shepherd and the horn of the guardian of the swine. Equally pleasing it is, during the heat of the day, to spend long hours of dolce far niente on a springy bed of wild thyme by the side of a brawling streamlet—I may add that for the inveterate angler it is an even more enjoyable experience to extract from its dark pools and alluring stickles many a lusty trout. For almost all of these forest "burns" abound in fish—not very large, it is true, but vigorous fighters, giving excellent sport.

Big Landowners the Rule.

There are very few tenant farmers in the country; immensely big landowners are the rule, and these, with the aid of a host of bailiffs, manage their own estates. They devote each farm to some special object; one, for instance, is the ox farm, another the sheep farm, a third is set aside for horses, a fourth for donkeys, another for poultry, another for pigs, and yet another is the dairy farm.

It is, by the way, rather a curious fact that cows' milk is despised by all, rich man and peasant alike. It is looked upon as only fit for pigs and calves, or to be mixed with other milk in the making of cheese. Only buffalo milk is considered fit for human consumption; this is, however, to an English palate, far too rich, both in quality and flavor.

Outside almost every village in Transylvania is the gypsy quarter. Outside it, not in it, for the despised Tzigany is never allowed to dwell among the villagers or to mix with them on equal terms. He is the basket-maker, occasionally the brickmaker, of the neighborhood—but always and everywhere he is the music-maker. The gypsies are the orchestra of every town and village, at every festa they play untrillingly, hour after hour, while the peasants dance. Men and women alike are dowered with the gift of music, and the wild Czardas crashed out by a Tzigany band makes even the cool blood of a Northerner tingle in his veins.

But fiddling is not the gypsy's only accomplishment; he is also a most expert thief. In fact, a legend of the country says that when a Tzigany baby makes its entrance into this vale of tears it is laid on its back upon the ground, while a purse is placed on its right side and a fiddle on its left. According to the direction in which it first extends a tiny fist its profession in life is determined!

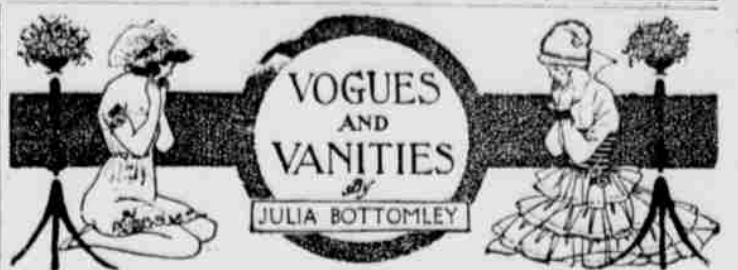
A fair, fair land that "beyond the forests"—a more than interesting people, varying infinitely in rank, in character, in customs, even in beliefs, but united in one overpowering longing: to free their necks from the Magyar yoke, and to be reunited with their kindred on the farther side of the Transylvanian Alps.

American Hardware the Best.

American-made hammers lead the world not only in quality and workmanship but in price, the adze eye feature being typical of hammers made in this country and adding much to their practicability. American hardware manufacturers can compete with all their lines in most foreign markets, but can only hope to obtain control of them by sending into those fields capable and experienced representatives, whose duty it should be to demonstrate to both dealer and the workman the superiority of their tools. A shortage of hardware supplies exists all over the world. Wherever people sow and reap, mine, lumber, construct or build, there are markets for American hardware and this is especially true at present in Latin America, China, Russia, Australia and South Africa. Cooperation in selling to foreign markets is especially necessary in this line, owing to the expense of opening territory. —Leslie's.

Plain Talk.

Heilress—I like you very much, Mr. Ardup, but I cannot marry you. Ardup (picking up his hat)—I will be equally frank with you, Miss Bullion. I don't like you at all, but I would marry you in a minute. I am more self-sacrificing than you are. Good evening.



New Sports Suits for Autumn.

Before the summer sports or pastime suits have vanished from our midst their successor has entered and made its bow. It is destined to bloom with the goldenrod and asters and it is naturally of heavier materials than the suits for summer weather. Serge, velvet, and corduroy contribute to its durability and to its style as well.

It is likely that these new sports suits for autumn will be innocent of stripes. Those shown so far are of plain materials or of plaids and plain fabrics made up together, and they are undeniably smart. Young or old, women wear about the same styles in them, and they subtract years from the matron's appearance in a way to make her rise up and call them blessed, besides cheerfully parting with her good money for them.

Among the most enticing suits, those made of white serge combined with the same materials in handsome colored plaids are triumphing. Some-

times the skirt is white and the coat of the plaid with white collar and cuffs. Or a white skirt is banded with plaid, and a white coat has plaid cuffs and collar, belt and pockets.

When the story is not told in plaids it veers to colored velveteens or corduroys. In the picture a white serge skirt is worn with a taupe gray coat of velveteen with girdle of soft satin. Buttons and tassels make the quiet finish. The blouse is of crepe de chine made plain.

It will be noticed that the skirt extends only a little below the shoe tops and it is not likely that the sports skirt will lose character by growing longer. One may wear a suit of this kind with assurance. It is good to look at and full of its own style. Although the color combination is as quiet as possible the fabrics and the cut of the garment give the suit plenty of "snap." There is nothing tame or commonplace about it.



Elegant Hats for Those in Mourning.

Two very elegant hats, made for those in mourning, are shown. They will satisfy the most discriminating taste, for they fulfill all the requirements for correct millinery of this particular kind. They are made in conservative and becoming shapes, of English crepe or of a specially woven silk and crepe, and the workmanship in them is above reproach.

An all-crepe hat is shown at the left, and all the world over its import is understood. It is the material used for the first period of mourning. The shape is a drooping brimmed sailor of moderate size, and it is covered smoothly with crepe. The facing is of the same exquisite material. Crepe is of a texture that lends itself to the making of flower forms, and the trimming of this hat is made of crepe. There are four large roses, each made of three sizes of crepe petals set about a cabochon of crepe at the center of the flower. The hat is lined with a soft silk.

The second hat is of silk with a wing made of folds of the silk and crepe. It extends across the front of the hat and terminates in a large cabochon at the right side.

Either of these hats is of a con-

venient size to be worn with a veil. Veils of silk net, bordered with crepe, take the place of all-crepe veils in new millinery. Or mesh veils bordered with bands of narrow grosgrain ribbon may be used after the period of first mourning is passed. There is much latitude in the choice of styles and the wearing of mourning in this country. But those who elect to wear it must not break certain rules. No extremes of styles are in keeping with the reserve that marks mourning apparel. Fabrics must be good and workmanship of the best. Crepe remains the unquestioned indication of mourning.

Net Wraps Five Layers Deep.

Before the beautiful brocaded cloaks, which are already in New York ready for the opera season, are allowed to see the light there is being shown and worn joyously a new sort of evening coat, called the outdoor dinner cape. These are made of five layers of silk net colored often like a flame opal. They furnish just enough protection against the night air and do not "limp" with the damp, for there is no dressing in the net.



Studiously Regarded a Bouquet of Flowers Lying on the Ground.

companion. She was thinking of this young Dr. Willis Trevor who had come to Leeville to spend the summer, and recuperate from the strain of an extensive practice. Edna had been casually introduced to him. She was interested in his broad humanitarian ideas. Doctor Trevor seemed to be one of those restless mortals who was happy only when occupied. He gave his services free to the poor and had co-operated with local societies in advancing sanitary and philanthropic work. The vain, selfish motives of Blanche jarred on Edna. Then she sighed and bowed up the wounded hand with a little quiver about the lips.

"Always the thorns!" she murmured.

So life had seemed to her. She appeared ever to be "the lamb of sacrifice" for others. She had given up an advanced education for the sake of a sister. Once wealthy and the family high in local social circles, her father and she herself had well-nigh beggared themselves to start a son and brother in business. The latter had lost the entire investment, and those who had helped him were forced to proceed thereafter on an economical basis.

Edna tried not to miss the old social life. She had never loved yet. She felt her girlhood was going by with something missing out of it.

It was an hour later when Edna, going down the street on an errand to a village store, paused and studiously regarded a bouquet of flowers lying on the ground at the edge of a field filled with boys playing ball. They were in the full blaze of the sun.

"My flowers!" uttered Edna, fairly indignant, as if some cruel heedless person had deserted her dearest friends at the wayside.

As she lifted them lovingly from the ground, however, a little fellow, a member of the ball-playing coterie, ran up to her. She recognized him as a brother of Miss Reed.

"Oh, please! those are my flowers," he advised Edna—"that is, my sister asked me to take them to a sick girl. Yes, here is the card with the name on."

Edna read the address and readily comprehended the situation. The flighty, unreliable Blanche had tired of